

Complications by prettyboiiharrington

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Summary:

bianatorres1 — #2) Also would like to request some Steve coping with Billy's complicated pregnancy (Dont know if I would like legit concerning complications or over-reacting to minor complications)

Complications

Steve isn't handling it well, which is funny because Billy's the one that temporarily lost his vision and was puking violently, as if he'd had three foot-longs with everything on them and a hangover and decided to go on the fucking tilt-a-whirl.

He was the one that was on blood pressure medication, corticosteroids, *and* anticonvulsant meds. Steve was just the one who had to watch him suffer through it. Maybe that was worse. Billy's slightly panicked, but he has increased doctor visits, medications, and physical symptoms to concern (distract) himself with while all Steve has is having to sit by the sidelines while Billy suffers, and maybe prayer.

Dustin had tried to diagnose him with 'demonic possession' before he went to the doctor, the little shit.

"I looked it up, they're not even sure bed-rest is a good thing." His words are meant to comfort Steve, but all it does is cause his leg's frantic, anxious bouncing to somehow increase in speed.

"Well I was looking into it —" Steve starts off frantically, and Billy wonders if Steve talking quickly is his anxiety, or an attempt at getting his point across before Billy can shut him down. If the latter was the case, it's a failed attempt.

"Steve, for the thousandth time, step away from the baby blogs, you're being ridiculous," Billy has to move in front of him and shut the laptop for Steve to actually fucking listen to him. He didn't even look guilty, just worried. "Come to the couch and sit down."

"Billy, seriously, just let me —"

"Now."

Steve knows not to argue when Billy uses that tone. He stands up from his desk, drags his feet, and then plops down on the couch with the most defeated look on his face. Billy settles in his lap and Steve at least calms down a little at that. Billy knows that some days that's

what Steve desperately craves, is to hold Billy and know that he's safe in his arms. It's been happening a lot more since he'd gotten ill, because Steve felt miserable when he couldn't do anything to help but rub Billy's back and try not to panic or cry as the doctor spoke.

"You okay?" Billy sighs, using his index finger to tilt up Steve's chin, making him look at him instead of letting him nervously fixate on the bump. "She's not going anywhere," he whispers with a teasing yet gentle smile and then kisses Steve's nose.

"No, I know," Steve chews at his lip and Billy knows he has to fight the urge to look. He takes Steve's hand and moves it to where their baby's kicking. She always gets restless when her papa's upset, like she can sense it; she probably can, through Billy, considering it unsettles him so deeply. "I should be the one asking about you."

"Everyone asks about me. No one ever even notices if something's up with you these days," it's true, and it pisses Billy off to no end. Sure, he's pregnant, but that doesn't mean Steve suddenly stopped existing.

All the people that claim to care about him have been seriously lacking when it comes to giving Steve the attention and care he deserves. Sure he's all about protecting and looking after his omega and their unborn baby, sure he *wants* everyone to give Billy all the attention and tend to him, but that should give everyone more of a reason to fucking notice Steve.

He's so fragile; the second he met Billy his heart no longer lived within him but existed as an entirely different person, and that problem, that *fragility* only increased tenfold when he found out Billy was pregnant, and then after the hospital visit, well he's been a very expensive vase teetering on the edge of a counter just waiting to fall and shatter ever since.

Preeclampsia — manageable but dangerous if you're not careful, and Steve's new official least favorite word; he misses the days of 'moist' and 'cunt', would take back the cringe factor any day if it meant he'd never had to hear that word.

"I'm fine," it's both a lie and an answer Billy refuses to accept. He leans in to press a soft kiss to Steve's lips before looking at him with

big blue eyes; a deep ocean of concern that makes Steve's heart ache.

"You wanna try the truth now?" to anyone else it would sound like Billy was angry with him for lying, but Steve knows it hurts Billy to see him struggling and hurting. He takes a deep breath, refusing to cause Billy any more trouble.

"I hate this. Feels like any second you're gonna slip through my fingers and I'm gonna lose you both," he admits, moving to rest his head on Billy's shoulder, inhaling the comforting mix of their lavender laundry detergent and Billy's ocean breeze; there'd been a hint of sweetness to his scent recently, and Steve assumes that it's from the baby.

He thinks it's the universe's attempt at comedy, making their kid smell like ice cream since they mated when he worked at fucking Scoops Ahoy.

He kisses the top of Steve's head, whispers gentle comforts for a while, just repeating "I'm okay, *we're* okay," and then he's trying to coax him into looking back up at those ocean eyes. Any other day, Steve would be happy to swim in them, but he doesn't want to pull away from the warm comfort of his scent and the small patch of bare skin that he's pressing his lips to. "Please look at me," Billy finally pleads.

Steve takes a shaky breath and then obliges; he's rewarded with a loving smile. That helps too, seeing Billy smile instead of looking so ill and weak like he had just last week.

"Tell me what you need."

Steve takes a long moment to think it over, wraps his arms around Billy and pulls him as close as he can. Billy moves easily, curls up and rests his head under Steve's chin. He's practically shielded from the rest of the world, and once he's situated, some of the tension seems to leave Steve. He's still a little uncomfortable, probably will be until their daughter's born, but moments like this will settle the anxious cramping in his stomach for a while.

"This, just need you to stay like this," the 'if that's okay' goes

unspoken, because Steve's used to Billy shushing him when he tries to dismiss his own needs, and Steve doesn't have it in him to make a half-assed offer for Billy to deny him.

“As long as you need baby. We’re not going anywhere.”